

THE MARION DAILY MIRROR.

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BANK IS WRECKED

Fire Follows Attempt to Blow Up Borough Bank of Brooklyn-Indictments Returned

New York, Nov. 28.—Fire, following three explosions wrecked the interior of the suspended Borough bank of Brooklyn early today. Police say they are not sure whether the crackers tried to loot the bank or whether an attempt was made to destroy the evidence relating to the Borough bank's failure. Indictments have already been returned against three of the institution's officials, President Maxwell, cashier Campbell and chief stockholder George Maxwell, who died Tuesday of self-inflicted wounds.

MARION VISITORS GUESTS OF HONOR

At Lodge Function Held at Green Camp.

Members of Wayside Rose Rebekahs are Entertained Wednesday Night.

The Green Camp Rebekah lodge entertained the members of Wayside Rose Rebekah of Marion, at their lodge hall in that village Wednesday evening. About fifty members of the local order were in attendance and the occasion proved one of much consequence.

The social was given in celebration of Thanksgiving and the notable feature of the occasion was an elaborate banquet which was served at 4 o'clock. Following the banquet an informal program of toasts was enjoyed.

WET SUNDAYS LEAD TO POKER

Pastime of Thoughtless Youth in New York City.

"It's funny," said the stationer man, "you're the fifth man that's come in here today asking if we had any poker chips. I'll bet you some friends have dropped in for a while and you thought you would have a quiet, cozy little game instead of going out in the wet."

"When a cold, drizzly Sunday like this comes around we always look for a sudden rise in the demand for chips. I never knew it to fall. It looks dreary outside, you get tired of reading, and you wander around gloomily wondering what you are going to do. Then some friends drop in and directly some one says, 'Why not have a little game?' Everybody's face lights up and you get out your cards only to find that the man whose chips you had borrowed came and got them."

"It is to meet little emergencies like these that we always keep a few boxes of chips on hand. They're the cheap kind, because we know that the regulars always have an expensive set on hand. Last week I forgot to get in a fresh supply, and so today we had only three boxes in stock. They were gone soon after the rain set in."—N. Y. Press.

A Seductive Noise.

F. Augustus Heinze, in the course of a dinner on board his yacht Revolution, said of a certain mooted mining reform:

"Oh, yes, it would be a good thing if it could be done, but there is no possible way to do it. Ask these reformers how they are going to put their ideas in operation and they give you answers that are about as practical as the little boy's method of coaching the mule."

"There was once, you know, a mule in a large field that refused to be caught by its owner. Round and round the field the mule galloped. The owner tore along behind, red and angry, swinging a halter in his hand, and swearing passionately."

"The mule would let him draw very near, almost near enough to throw the halter over its head; then it would kick up its legs merrily and run like the wind."

"A boy, his face wreathed in smiles, watched the unequal chase for an hour or so. Then he entered the field and said:

"I'll tell you how to catch that mule, mister. If you'll give me a nickel."

"All right," panted the man. "Here's your nickel. Now tell me."

"Get behind the thick hedge over there," said the boy, "and make a noise like a carrot."—Boston Globe.

REVISITS SCENE OF CRIME.

Thrilling Ghost Story Told by English Magazine.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes, of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear; and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot be identified. Tradition says that once every year a specter horseman visits Wycollar hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description."

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed, and gallops off by the road he came."

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room, and that the specter horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

The Fringe of Art.

Elithu Vedder, the noted painter, lives in Rome, where he has a beautiful apartment, and in Capri, where his white villa looks down on the sea. "Elithu Vedder," said a New York illustrator the other day, "is as Bohemian as ever. Fame has not spoiled him. I visited him last year, and his Bohemian ways were delightful."

"You know they tell a story of a visit that he once paid to Alma Tadema in London, to Alma Tadema in that glittering house which Mrs. A. T.'s money, made in grateful, comforting cocoa, bought."

"The morning after his arrival, very early, before even the servants were up, Vedder began a thunderous knocking on his host's sandalwood door."

"Alma Tadema turned in his gold bed, threw back the lace coverlet, sat up."

"Who's there? What is it?" he cried in a startled voice.

"I say, Tadema," shouted Vedder, "where do you keep the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?"

Toothblacks.

"As we have toothblacks so they've got toothblacks in the Sunda Islands," said a traveling man.

"What is a toothblack?"

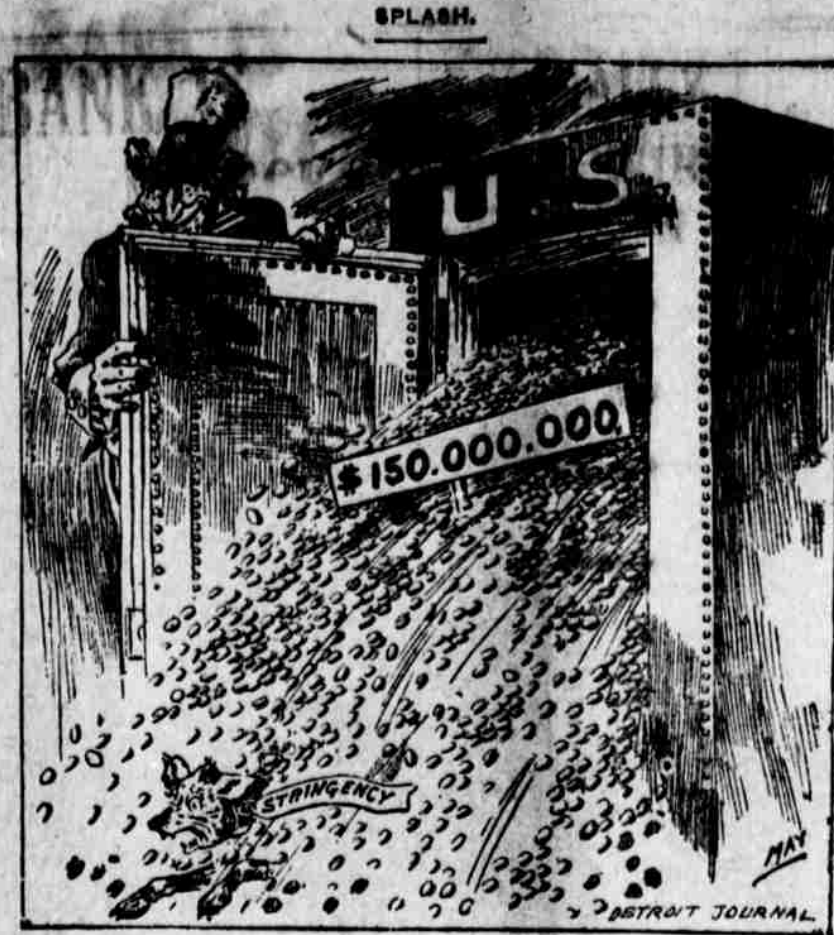
"Don't you know? A toothblack is an old woman with a pot of black paint, a gold leaf book, and a lot of vegetable brushes. From hut to hut she passes, and for a small fee—a yam, a bunch of bananas, three coconuts—she paints the Sunda Islanders' teeth a glistening black. All but the two front teeth; these she glazes. And the Sunda Islander thereafter goes about with a self-conscious smile revealing a black and gold symphony."

"It is a common trick among the semi-civilized to color the teeth. In Macassar dark brown is the popular hue, and in Japan among the unenlightened classes, the teeth of wives are always painted black."

"In such countries the toothblack is an institution. She goes from house to house, as full of gossip as a barber."

Honor Due to the Shakers.

Shakers were probably the first among modern peoples to recognize and uphold the equality of woman in domestic, business, social and religious economy. Ann Lee, a woman of wonderful mentality, a woman in many respects two centuries in advance of her time, a woman whose primal intuitions or whose spiritual illumination, for she was absolutely unlettered, placed her far ahead of later reform leaders, was the first in western lands to receive the thought of a divine motherhood, co-existent and cooperative with the divine fatherhood in God. The logical outcome of this truth she unhesitatingly promulgated. In the moral and intellectual development of her people, woman's equality was insisted upon. Yet, it was the equality of the true helpmeet, as embodied in the Mosaic legend.



New York Philanthropist.

An Englishman by birth, Robert Parker Miles has had more to do with the establishment of reforms in New York city than any living person. He visited every court in the city and the penal institutions of the state, and reported his impressions of the way justice and punishment were administered, and brought about some reform legislation. He fought the American Tobacco company in its sale of cigarettes to minors. He compelled every great department store in New York to provide seats for the shopgirls when they were not engaged in their duties.

The Alert Lexicographer.

"I observe," said the professor reprovingly, "that you sometimes use slang."

"Do you think so?" replied the vivacious young woman. "I do my best. But it's very hard nowadays to get any use out of a slang word before it is put into the dictionary as correct speech."

Valuable.

"Do you think the speeches you intend to deliver will exercise any real influence on events?"

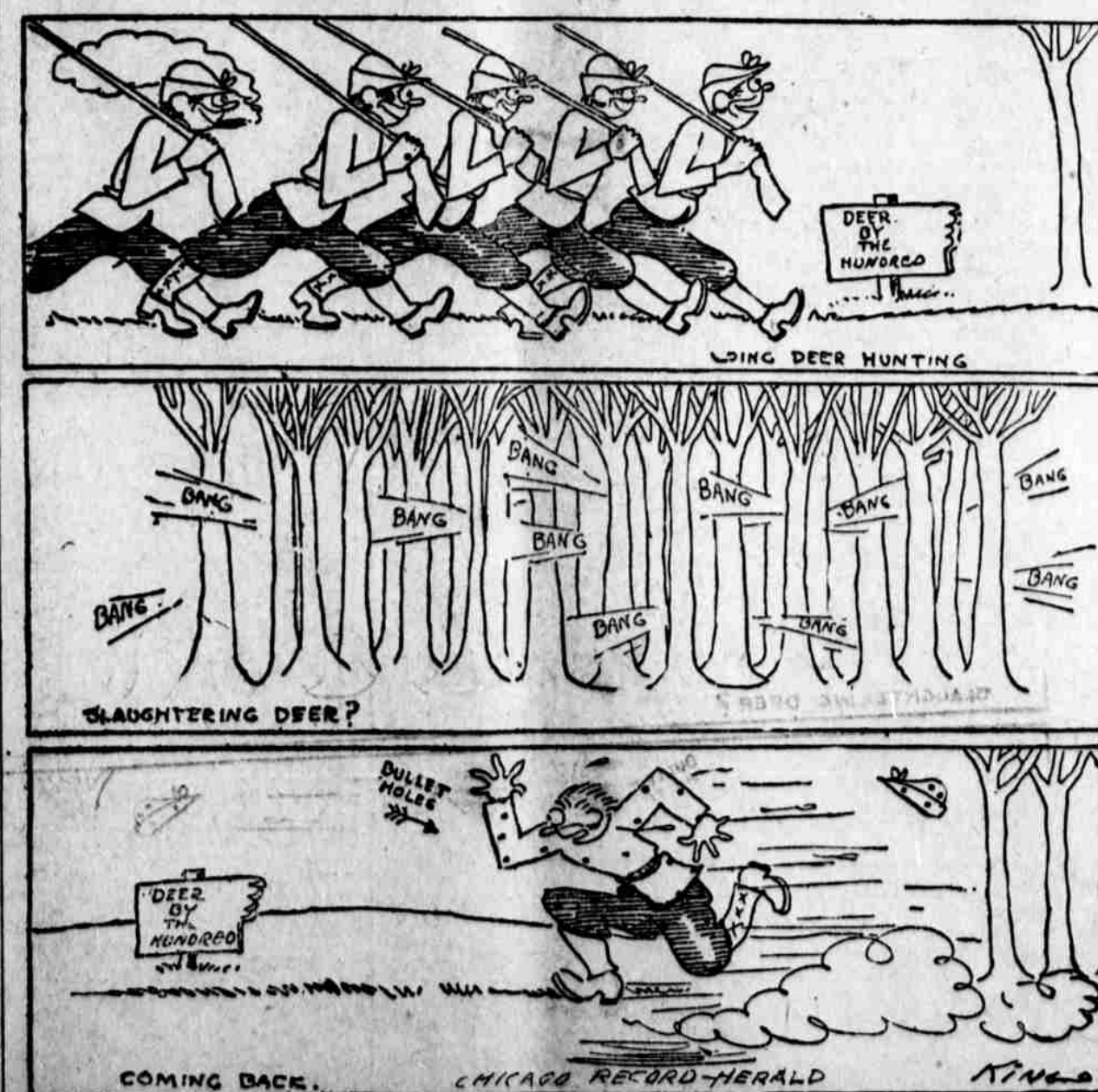
"No," answered the statesman, "but I am going to deliver them, just the same. They are valuable as rehearsals for my next lecture tour."

Reiteration.

"You have used this phrase several times before," said the secretary.

"I know it," answered Senator Sorghum. "I'm going to keep hammering away at it until people learn it by heart. Then it'll be considered an aphorism."

SURE SIGN OF THE HUNTING SEASON



MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

Autograph Fiend an Easy Mark for the Unscrupulous.

W. E. Collett, secretary of the Colorado Prison association, was talking in Denver about 50 autograph letters from widows that he recently received wherein each widow offered gladly to marry one of Mr. Collett's proteges, a reformed convict in search of a wife.

"I shall keep most of those widows' autographs," said Mr. Collett. "They are very interesting. A collection of autographs of such a character would be worth having, wouldn't it? Different from the usual dull collections of mere signatures, eh?"

He smiled and went on: "An autograph fiend who collects mere signatures is a fool, and he is very easily taken in. Whenever I think of him, I think of a little story about him."

According to this story, an autograph fiend was "into an old curiosity shop and said: 'You advertise that you have autographs of Washington and Shakespeare for sale. If your terms are reasonable, I should like to purchase specimens of each of those autographs.'"

"The proprietor bowed politely. Then he went to the back of the shop and said to a man who was painting a large canvas on an easel: 'Put away that Rembrandt for the present, Jim, and write me out an autograph of Washington and one of Shakespeare. Gentleman waiting outside.'"

BUTTER BY THE YARD.

Dairy Product Is So Sold in City of Cambridge, England.

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridge-shire dairy folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound. Deftly wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed in long, narrow baskets made for the purpose, and thus conveyed to market.

The butter women who, in white linen aprons and sleeves, preside over the stalls in the market have no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares. Constant practice and experienced eyes enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness.

The university people are the chief buyers of this curiously shaped product. In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for being served to the students in the daily commons. Cut in conveniently sized pieces and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheat bread, a stated portion is sent round every morning to the rooms of the undergraduates for use at breakfast and tea.—The Sunday Magazine.

Worse.

"It is a pity that there are so many people who tell falsehoods."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but think how much worse it would be if we had to accept all the gossip we hear as positively true."

J. C. McNALLY RESPONSIBLE

Brings to Light Point of Law.

COUNTY JAIL PRISONERS

Should Receive \$1.50 Per Day Instead of 60 Cents.

If Such an Interpretation be Made by Prosecuting Attorney Mrs. Ida Uncapher will soon be Free.

According to a point of law brought to light in the mayor's court Thursday morning by John C. McNally, prisoners confined in the county jail are to be given credit for \$1.50 per day on their fines instead of sixty cents per day as at present.

McNally was arrested on a charge of drunkenness and for non-payment of a \$5 fine he was ordered confined in the county jail, and to be given credit on his fine at the rate of sixty cents per day. McNally, who is an attorney, showed the mayor the law applying to the case which is found in section 6800 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio. The law, enacted by a recent legislature provides that all prisoners sent to a county jail shall be given credit for \$1.50 on their fines for every day they spend at the jail. It is within the power of the magistrate to make hard labor at the jail a part of the sentence.

If there is no other statute bearing on the case Mrs. Ida Uncapher will not be required to spend 110 days in jail for the non-payment of a fine and costs amounting to \$76.75. Mrs. Uncapher has been in the jail about forty six days at the present time and she has been given credit for \$27.60 while she should have been credited with \$69. If the prosecuting attorney agrees with McNally as to the law in the case Mrs. Uncapher will only have four or five more days to spend in jail. Sheriff Brown said this morning that all prisoners at the jail have been given credit for but sixty cents per day on their fines and that he was not aware that there was any statute authorizing the credit of \$1.50 to be given.

It is believed that the discovery of this statute will have a far reaching effect as in a number of the surrounding counties, prisoners receive the amount that is customary here.

An unknown man made an unsuccessful attempt to hold up an Erie switchman named Joliff late last night. The colored man was cased through the yards by several Erie employees but was not captured.

Frank Sautter, of Delaware, was arrested last night by Officer Babcock. Sautter was wanted at Delaware for failure to pay a livery bill of \$9.80. When arrested Sautter admitted that he owed the bill and immediately secured the money to pay it after which he was released.

Are You Left-Eared?

"Left-eared?" said the physician "Most of you girls are."

"Left-eared?" said the young lady from the telephone exchange.

"Yes, left-eared. The same as left-handed. That is to say, is your left ear better at its work than your right one?"

She did not know, so he tested her finding, sure enough, that her left ear was a little the better of the two. "It is a natural thing," he said. "You girls use the left ear exclusively all day long in your telephone work, and the right ear has nothing to do. Hence the left, like a muscle, develops; the right atrophies."

"Indeed," he ended, "if the telephone comes into much greater use we shall have not merely left-eared exchange girls, but we shall become a left-eared nation."

Second-Hand English.

Swede to Englishman at Colorado Springs, noting that the Englishman's accent was unlike that of the other inhabitants—How long do you bane in dese country?

Englishman—Nine months.

Swede—You bane spake de language putty good already. Ven you bane in dese country two years you vill spake as vell as de people here.

Englishman (amazingly)—Man alive! I am from the country where this language is manufactured. What you are learning to speak is second-hand English.—Judge.

TO CONQUER WHITE PLAGUE.

New Methods of Successfully Dealing with the Disease.

The Boston Consumptives' hospital, in opening an out-patient department in Burroughs place for the treatment of tuberculosis, is extending a practice with regard to controlling the spread of the disease that has been approved and advised by numerous scientific authorities and societies says the Boston Transcript. Even the women's clubs have for some time urged that measures be taken by which people can be instructed in the best ways to adapt to their home life and rules and regulations followed at hospitals and sanatoriums for the arresting or cure of consumption. Those who are farthest advanced in knowledge concerning the treatment of tuberculosis have long been of the opinion that the way one lives rather than the place of living may be depended upon to prevent or even to cure the ailment where cure is possible. This is the answer to the threatening quarantine against consumptives from the north, recently instituted by statute in Texas and likely to be followed in other southern and western communities.

VISITING CARDS FOR KINGS.

Those of the German Kaiser Are the Most Imposing.

The German emperor believes in being sufficiently represented, even on a visiting card. No ordinary sized piece of pasteboard will suffice him, for William's cards measure no less than six inches in length and four in width. On the upper line is the single word "Wilhelm," and below are the words "Deutscher Kaiser" and "König von Preussen." The words are printed in large, fat, German script letters. Of course, the emperor does not carry these imposing sheets of pasteboard himself; they are confided to his chasseur, or body servant, who follows him.

The other sovereigns of Europe are content with more modest visiting cards, with the words upon them in Latin script. Among the simplest in size and appearance are those of the emperor of Austria and the prince of Wales. The prince has two sets of cards, one for use abroad and the other for England. The English one bears the words "The Prince of Wales," the other the French equivalent, "Prince de Gales."

As Might Be Expected.

A man who, with his family, had spent several weeks at a fashionable summer resort, discovered one morning that he had lost his pocketbook. Thinking it possible that it might have been found by some employe of the hotel at which he was staying, he reported his loss to the landlord.

"That's too bad, Mr. Johnson," said that functionary. "I'll make inquiries about it. What kind of pocketbook was it?"

"Russian leather," answered the lodger.

"What color?"

"Dark red."

"Any distinguishing marks about it?"

"I had a clasp."

"What was the shape of it?"

"Flat, of course," said Mr. Johnson. "Haven't I been here more than a month?"—Youth's Companion.

Menu Cards for Hunters.

Menu cards in shooting lodges across the Atlantic have many attractive and appreciative designs. How they will strike the "high liver" is hard to say. By the way, that person may be forced to become a simple liver if he counts small hot birds among the necessities of his table, for sad are the reports about autumn hunting. Still, that American scarcity has nothing to do with the before mentioned cards. One bears in a corner a tiny pheasant, made of tiny feathers, every one a perfect reproduction of the real bird's plumage. Other game birds also are copied, but at present it is the pheasant that is the chief embellishment of the cards.

Double Entendre.

He was a gallant colonel of militia, but scarcely a good horseman. Owning even large and popular "Emporium" on even the best of Edinburgh's best streets, does not of itself breed centaurs.

His mount was "fresh" to an extreme, and the silent figure of Sir Walter Scott, looking down upon the assembling troops from its marble pedestal may well have expected to see an accident. That, too, was probably the thought of a small street urchin, who loitered just out of reach of the prancing hoofs.

"Boy, get away," exclaimed the ruffled rider testily. "Have you never seen a war horse?"

"Ay," came the answer, "but never a waur rider."—London Answers.

Rebuked.

Young College Woman (interested in politics)—The office should seek the man.

Grandma (rather deaf)—I know that's what girls think nowadays. But in my time it was considered very unladylike.—Puck.